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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

AMERICA

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air,—
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best!

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Additional verses for the National Hymn, March, 1906, in the "White Bees," page 27.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1915. Numebr 18

Climb for the white flower of thy dream,
O pilgrim! Let the vision gleam
As hope and possibility,
Down the low level that must be
Thy usual path; but do not stay,
Enamored of supernal day,
While thy benighted comrades grope
In shadows on the dangerous slope!
Its light in eye and heart shall be
A signal betwixt them and thee
Of joy to wait for and desire,
While faith can glow, or souls aspire.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Forest Service Department of the Department of Agriculture has gone into the retail business successfully by serving as a go-between for the manufacturers. It has established a "wood waste exchange" by which the waste of one mill is made available to the usages of another. Through such activities the maple refuse from the furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been made available to the brush makers in other localities. By thus offering opportunities to buy "waste," even the scraps are being saved, another evidence that Uncle Sam has aptitude for business.

Our exchanges that come over the sea are still expecting much of the Almighty, while they themselves are giving sympathetic encouragement to the fighters who are killing under their own flag, and expecting the Almighty to teach, through their killing, the lesson of brotherhood. Perhaps, some day, they will see that their prayers are enforced by their practice. The rifle pits are a poor place in which to preach universal brotherhood and the bayonet is never an instrument of love. Alfred Noyes, in a new drama, "Rada," writes:

Thou! whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
Today a world that turned from Thee
Is bending at Thy Throne.

Is that "Throne" on the battle line and is He everywhere, except on board of battleships and where submarines do plow the deep?

The *Advance,* which may be considered a safe exponent of average, if not conservative congregationalism, in a recent number, groups casually on one page the advertisements of five theological schools, the wording of which is interesting and disturbing to those who remember the wording of similar advertisements of fifty years ago. "The Chicago Theological Seminary" announces its removal to the "vicinity of the University of Chicago with the opening of the next academic year." It promises to prepare students for "church ministry, foreign missions, community service and religious education." The "Yale School of Religion" announces that it is open "to students of all Christian bodies on equal terms," and has "five departments of research and training, for pastoral service at home, service in the foreign field, religious education, practical philanthropy and history and philosophy of religion." "The Bangor Theological Seminary" will begin its one hundreth year next September and is for "college or non-college men" and offers "regular and elective courses" that are said to be "modern, thorough and practical." The Oberlin Theological Department is "for graduates only." It advertises for "high-grade students" to do "high-grade work" and offers "one, three or four years'" courses, "broad electives, low expenses with self-support." "The Hartford Theological Seminary" advertises "scientific methods with practical training for the ministry." There are "graduate fellowships, both foreign and resident" and associated with it is the "Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy" for "training Sunday School and other lay workers," and, also, the "Hartford School of Missions," "fitting for foreign service." Yet, all these attractive opportunities, these schools, in common with other training schools for the ministry, are languishing for want of pupils. What is the matter? This question calls for still deeper thinking and more heroic explanation before the answer is given and the solution attained.

The Rev. Florence Buck in "Bulletin No. 9" of the "Religious Education Series," published by the American Unitarian Association, has said the latest word on the grading of Sunday School instruction. This clearly written and carefully thought out little leaflet of twenty pages has strenuously applied the principle to "small Sunday Schools." It is analytical, logical and, doubtless, what is wanted, if the "school" is chiefly pedigogical, but it leaves still a place for that other thought in the training of the spirit of the

young where synthesis and not analysis leads the group more directly into the few fundamentals of ethics and the unifying attitude of worship. There is still something to be said and more to be felt and realized in the "one-topic system," the normal preparation, the *esprit de corps* and the helpful togetherness made possible thereby. The "grade system," as it is called, has received much academic development at the hands of most competent and consecrated educators. Perhaps, the "school" has been improved, but we fear the thing which the word "Sunday" connotates has not been so much advanced. This is a question not to be settled by theory but by experience. We are still far from the last word and farther yet from the ultimate end aimed at in our Sunday Schools.

The circular of information concerning the relief and pensioning fund to Unitarian ministers and their widows has been issued by the secretaries of the four foundations administered for this purpose, namely: The Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society distributes the income from a fund of $13,000 to the widows and unmarried daughters of Congregational ministers in Massachusetts, whether "unitarian" or "trinitarian," Rev. Everett Hale, Secretary; the Society for Ministerial Relief has an annual income of about $11,000 to be distributed semi-annually to "Unitarian ministers who are in need of pecuniary assistance," of which Rev. Henry Wilder Foote is Secretary; the American Unitarian Association holds trust funds for a similar purpose yielding an annual income of some $8,500, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Chairman of the Committee; the Unitarian Service Pension Society, of which Rev. Robert S. Loring of Ann Arbor, Michigan is Secretary, was incorporated in 1907 for the purpose of providing a pension for all Unitarian ministers who are sixty-five years of age or over, who have an honorable record of at least twenty years active service. (The permanent fund amounts now to about $73,000, which yields to each pensioner about $125 per annum.) It is the hope of the society to be able to increase the amount to a maximum of $500 per annum. All these societies are most commendable. We suspect that in most denominations there are generous provisions made, for old age pensioning is not a charity, but an obligation. It is a distressing fact that the militant side of life is still more appreciated by governments than the civic. Why should the man with the gun live in an assurance of an old age provided for, while the man who labors to retire the gun to make life safe and pacific must ever become old with the strain of dependency at the end of a life well spent, with the merits of a peace well earned?

"The League for the Enforcement of Peace"

So notable and noteworthy an assemblage of citizens from all parts of the country as was gathered together in Philadelphia last week is very rare. Men eminent in all the professions, representatives of all parties and all sections, came to take into consideration some practical step looking not so much towards terminating the present lamentable war as the making of future wars improbable if not impossible. The meetings were deliberative to an exceptional degree. The gathering was called by a committee of one hundred, which committee, itself, had been named by a smaller group of men who have been meeting from time to time for many months deliberating upon the question of what can be done outside of governmental circles to bring about in some efficient compact the helpless nations, whether neutral or combative.

On Wednesday evening a banquet was given by the citizens of Philadelphia, presided over by Mayor Blandenberg. The opening address was given by Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent,* in which he outlined the scheme, step by step, which would bring together the neutral nations pledged to respect the individual autonomy and territory of each and to combine their influence and, if need be, their forces to punish any one recalcitrant power. Among the other speakers were Oscar Strauss, President Lowell of Harvard and ex-President Taft. On Thursday morning at half past ten, the historic Independence Hall was filled and the meeting was promptly organized, with ex-President Taft as chairman. The forenoon session was given to three or four marked addresses by men who had given much academic thought to and who had much practical experience in diplomatic affairs. Automobiles carried the entire delegation, at the noon hour, to Germantown, where a bountiful lunch was already spread on the tables by one of the leading merchants of Philadelphia. Then the guests talked and strolled through the spacious rooms and ample grounds while they ate. At three o'clock they were back again at business, listening to reports of committees on organization and resolutions, details of which we will give later.

If there was any element of weakness in this gathering of college presidents and professors, lawyers and judges, legislators, past and present, ministers and editors, socialists, republicans, democrats, and independents, it sprang from its rather labored inclusiveness. Naturally there was an element of conservatism, if not timidity, felt in such a company. There was, in some quarters, an undisguised distrust of the "pacifists," who were ungraciously dismissed as "peace-at-any-price-men." There still was some hanging on to the robes of the militant men, an occasional demand for further armament and nobler armies for

our country "until the peace day comes!" but they were all agreed that it is possible to perfect some kind of an union that would seek to settle international disputes by an appeal to law and justice rather than to force of arms. Such an union has already been established to settle disputes between the states of our union and between individuals in all the walks of life. Mr. Filene of Boston, in an address of great strength, urged the possibility of "economic pressure" and "international boycott" of any militant Power that would persist in warlike measures against any member of the pacific combination which it was proposed to organize.

There was, to the mind of the present writer, no adequate emphasis placed upon the moral, social and spiritual forces that might be used in the higher diplomacy which is yet in its infancy. There is still too much faith in the efficacy of gun-powder, even among those who deplore its use, too much of a tendency to assume that among nations brawn still goes farther than brain and that might is more powerful than right.

The original title, "The League of Peace," was changed by only a small majority to the title given above, which, to many of those present, the Editor of UNITY included, seemed an unfortunate revision. It has too much of a militant sound to suit this anti-militant movement. It almost amounts to a contradiction in terms, but the representative character of the gentlemen assembled, the large amount of learning and practical experience focused on the problem and, above all, the imminent demand that something be done about it and that right speedily, justifies high expectations and calls for most sympathetic co-operation from far and near.

Here, at least, is something that seems to meet, for the time being, the agonizing cry, "Let something be done and that right quickly." The newspapers will give wide publicity to this "League for the Enforcement of Peace" which was organized in the most historic hall in America, the cradle of American Independence, last week, and we will be glad to give the readers of UNITY further details of the organization, and sympathetic account of its progress in future issues.

TO A BOULDER.

Colossus, sculptured by the hand of Time,
What mystic secrets of the universe
Are crystaled in thy form! Could we rehearse
What thou hast known of Nature's rhythmic climb,
And bring within the compass of a rhyme
The time-long story—tell, in phrases terse,
What thou hast seen and been—our feeble verse
Would vaguely sketch the whole world-pantomime.
Fire-mist, an Age; Eras, a crust of stone;
An Epoch, soil slow silted to the sea;
Sea bed, an Aeon; other Aeons flown,
A mountain crag; half an Eternity,
Glacier-ground; for cycles set in place
Here where we hourlings, wondering, scan thy face.

—*Henry Smith Williams.*

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

(*Continued*)

The next biographical matter to record is that James took his M. D. in 1869, but never practiced. This was the only degree that he ever received for course of study, and we have seen hints of the irregularity of this course. It was the only degree that he ever received from Harvard College, till its LL.D. was conferred on him in 1903, seven years before his death. Perhaps this is the best place to record the degrees which were conferred on him throughout his life by a large number of institutions. Although in the little essay on "The Ph.D. Octopus" he made a very strong protest against the growing American custom of giving little worth to the individual "unless stamped and licensed and authenticated by some title giving machine," he carried himself an unusually large number of such authentications. In 1893 he received a Ph.D. and a Litt. D. from Padua University; in 1896 an LL.D. from Princeton; the same from Edinburgh in 1902; from Harvard in 1903; Litt. D. from Durham in 1908; Sc. D. from Oxford the same year; Sc. Nat. D. from Geneva the next year. He had the high distinction of being the Gifford lecturer at Edinburgh on Natural Religion in 1901-2; and the Hibbert Lecturer on Philosophy at Oxford in 1908. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences; an honorary member of the New York Academy of Sciences; a corresponding member of the König liche Akademie der Wissenshaften, and of the British Academy; honorary member of the Kongelige Danske Viderskabernes and of the Psychological Society of Moscow; of the Reale Instituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere, and of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei. During the winter before he died he was elected to the celebrated Institute of France as a foreign member of the Académies des Sciences Morales et Politiques. President for the Society of Psychological Research in 1894-5, and of the American Psychological Association in 1894 and 1904; of the American Naturalists and the American Philosophical Association in 1906, and at the time of his death he was president of the International Psychological Congress which met in 1913. In addition to these honors, it is no small glory to be a professor of philosophy whose books are read.

Translations of them can be found today in French, German, Italian, Russian, Danish, Spanish and Japanese, and there is hardly a volume on modern philosophy or psychology in which one cannot feel his influence or opposition directed against his teachings. If anyone wishes to make light of the honors which came to Prof. James, they may do so in the words of the man himself. In writing of those colleges which compensate for the obscurity of their teachers by decorating them with titles, he says, "The dazzled reader of the list, the parent or student says to himself, 'This must be a terribly distinguished crowd,—their titles shine like the stars of the firmament: Ph. D.'s and S. D.'s and Litt. D.'s bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it with a pepper cas-

tor.'" He calls it "a mere advertising resource, a manner of throwing dust in the public's eyes." The colleges that honored James were hardly of this type. He was worthy of their honor and they were worthy of the honor he brought to them.

But let us pass on to the more strictly biographical features of this man's career. The doctor's degree received in 1869 did not set him to work at any regulark task. Till 1872 he might still be called a student. But during that year, when thirty years of age, he began to teach. He was appointed instructor in Physiology at Harvard, and formed a course, to which a year later he added Anatomy. It was about this time that he set up in the Lawrence Scientific School a Psychological Laboratory, which is thought to have been the first in this country. Here he made those experiments in sheep's heads and frogs that he afterward found so useful in illustrating his lectures. Beginning in 1875 he offered a course to graduate students, dealing with the relations between physiology and psychology—a red letter course in the history of psychology in this country. The next year he was made Assistant Professor of Physiology, holding the position for four years.

In this unique workshop, full of jars, odors and disorders, we see the beginnings of that popularity with the students which remained his all his life. One of his students tells me that the thing which he remembers best of William James was his sincere interest in the findings of his students. Like Darwin in this respect, he was willing to learn from any man. As we shall see presently, when it came to the secrets of the inner life, this man was as humble as a child. No human soul was too obscure to teach him. At times his modesty was almost shyness. "It makes me blush," he is reported to have once said to a friend, "to hear that you expect any help from such a poor crittur as I am." As he stayed on year after year at Harvard, he became almost pastoral in his relations with the students. They found in him lots of friendly counsel,—money and books sometimes,—and plenty of sympathy and appreciation, this last continuing long after they had left the college. More than one Harvard man can tell how after some good piece of work had been done well in the sphere of life that they had chosen, the morning mail would bring from this eastern college the "Well-done" of the old teacher. Students who came to him only to get material for their examinations were not as apt to feel this friendliness in the professor. His words for such was "Baldhearted." With his characteristic interest in the individual, he wanted his students to have an inner life that might receive his teaching, as well as a mind to understand it. Buried in his chapter on Association in "Psychology," is a passage that shows that his students had to mean names and faces and persons to him of a very definite character. "The writer of these pages," he says, "has every year to learn the names of a large number of students who sit in alphabetical order in the lecture room. He finally learns to call them by name, as they sit in their accustomed places. On meeting one in the street early in the year, the face hardly ever recalls the name, but it may recall the place of its owner in the lecture room, his neighbors' faces, and consequently his general alphabetical position; and then usually as the common associate of all these combined data, the student's name surges up in his mind." One of the best student memories of Professor James is one that found its way into *The American Magazine* soon after his death. It is written by John S. Reed, and it will be best to quote his words throughout, for the story is short:

"When I was a freshman in Harvard College, I stood one day looking into the window of a bookstore in Harvard Square, at a new volume of O. Henry. A quietly dressed, unimpressive man with sparse dark beard came up and stood beside me. Said he suddenly, 'Have you read the new one?' 'No,' I said. 'Neither have I. I have read all the others, though.' 'He's great, don't you think,' I said. 'Bully, let's go in and buy this one.' So we went in and bought O. Henry. Coming out of the store he turned to me and said, 'You'd better come to dinner with me, I am all alone to-night.' 'All right,' I said, 'I like to very much.' He never asked my name; I thought he must be some College instructor. We walked slowly through the College Yard, talking of what makes Harvard; not to a graduate, mind you, but to a freshman; the great football games, which have something stern and ideal about them; the big men in your class, and how you are sure that they will be big men in the world someday; "parties in town", on spring nights, when some are just a little "edged." He listened to these things with the air of a man who knew all about them, and loved them. And yet I noticed that his beard was a little gray.

Soon we arrived at a big house on a quiet street. There was no one at home but the maid that served our dinner; and a great dinner it was too. We both fell to like farm- hands. Somehow I got the impression that this man was about my own age. After dinner we went into a long deep comfortable room, lined with low book-cases. He produced some cigars; he sat in a big chair, and I reclined on a lounge. We discussed undergraduate clubs, and how to become popular; then we drifted into comic operas. It developed that he was rather fond of Eddy Foy and Richard Carle, my particular favorites in that direction.

I staid in the big room until nearly midnight. As I stood in the doorway telling him what a good time I had had, he said, 'You must come again, and then we'll have another talk. I don't think I know your name.' I told him 'And now may I ask yours?' 'I'm William James.'"

The story is complete without comment.

At this period of his life, that is, at the age of thirty-four, in 1876, he began his yearly vacations to the Adirondacks. There in one of a "little group of rough houses forming a sort of camp," in the midst of mountains, brooks and forests, he met informally large numbers of friends and every year came back to work with renewed health. It is said that during these early years he was one of the foremost walkers in the Adirondacks. Until he discovered that such vigorous exercise did not agree with him, the days were full of long walks and climbs, usually with some congenial friend who would keep the talking bright. James was the kind of traveler who wanted to stop every few paces and utter in rich terms the beauty of the steep forest clad hills. Up there among the mountains he still worked, reading each day his fifty pages of solid reading, in some solitary spot away from the regular trails. Mr. Putman in his article writes of one such place: "A ledge forming the verge of a superb precipice, with two fine pine trees overhead and the heavily wooded valley of the Ausable River rising steeply toward the north and descending into a broad plateau toward the south, was named for James many years ago by a warm friend and admirer. Another beautiful spot, well up on a steep side of Round Mountain, I remember reaching with him, toward the end of a still and golden September day. We had been walking for a number of hours through the thick dark woods, and this beautiful bit of cliff, nearly enclosed by the dense spruces of the forest, and carpeted with moss of a rich yellowish-

green tint, afforded the first chance for the afternoon sun to stream in, and for the trampers to obtain a view of the hazy valley winding off far beneath, and of the sun deserted mountains, closing in the deep ravine, alongside of which runs the narrow trail. I recalled this spot to his memory several years later—in 1889—when he was in Europe seeking health at Nauheim, and he wrote back, saying, 'Your talk about Keene Valley makes me run over with home-sickness. Alas, that those blessed heights should hence forward probably be beyond my reach altogether! It is a painful pang!'" Here in the woods sometimes reading Walt Whitman, Kipling or Goethe to his fellow campers, sometimes letting them hear over the fire the manuscript pages of some article on which he had been busy during the day; sometimes away from the camp trying to make conversation with some Adirondack farmer for information on an illustration that he wants to place in one of his lectures, many times full to overflowing with fun, the vacation months are made to contribute rest and health to him. Does anyone recall the squirrel story with which he seriously opens one of the most important chapters in his book on "Pragmatism"? He had been off with a party in the mountains, and returning from a solitary ramble one day, he says:

"I found every one engaged in a ferocious metaphysical dispute. The *corpus* of the dispute was a squirrel—a live squirrel supposed to be clinging to one side of a tree trunk; while over against the other side a human being was imagined to stand. This human witness tries to get sight of the squirrel by moving rapidly around the tree, but no matter how fast he goes the squirrel moves as fast in the other direction, and always keeps the tree between himself and the man, so that never a glimpse of him is caught. The resultant metaphysical problem now is: *Does the man go around the squirrel or not?* He goes around the tree sure enough, and the squirrel is on the tree, but does he go around the squirrel? In the unlimited leisure of the wilderness, discussion had been worn threadbare. Every one had taken sides and was obstinate; and the numbers on both sides were even. Each side, therefore, when I appeared, appealed to me to make a majority. Mindful of the scholastic adage, that whenever you meet with a contradiction, you must make a distinction, I immediately sought and found one as follows: 'Which party is right,' I said, 'depends on what you *practically* mean by going around the squirrel. If you mean by passing from the north of him to the east, then to the south, then to the west, then to the north of him again, obviously the man does go around him, for he occupies these successive positions. But, if on the contrary, you mean being first in front of him, then on the right of him, then behind him, then on his left, and finally in front of him again, it is quite as obvious that the man fails to go around him, for by the compensating movements that the squirrel makes, he keeps his belly turned towards the man all the time. Make the distinction and there is no further occasion for dispute. You are both right and wrong according as you conceive the verb 'to go around' in one practical fashion or another." This is pragmatism in the mountains.

One acquaintance of these woods ought to receive more than passing notice—Thomas Davidson. "One of the twelve most learned men of his time." Let every one read the splendid tribute which James pays to him in *McClure's Magazine* of May, 1905, now printed in "Memories and Studies" as "The Knight Errant of the Intellectual Life." Without a doubt James loved the strange intellectual giant for his concrete individuality. He would in his disgust denounce James for what he called his "musty and mouldy and generally ignoble academicism of character." "Never before, nor since, I fancy," says James, "has the air of the Adirondack wilderness vibrated more repugnantly to a vocable than it did that night to the word 'Academicism.'" Twice did James go up with Davidson in April to open up Davidson's cottage at "Glenmore" at the foot of Hurricane Mountain. The cottage was full of books, says James, and he must have been one of the best borrowers, for the use of them was free to all who visited the settlement. There is one little word of acknowledgement of the benefit of this comradeship to be found in the preface of the Gifford Lectures, which we must not let escape our attention:

"My thanks for help in writing these lectures are due . . . . . finally to conversations with the lamented Thomas Davidson and to the use of his books at Glenmore, above Keene Valley, I owe more obligations than I can well express."

We have woven all these stories of the Adirondacks together because the knowledge of William James, which those who never met him may have is such that no chronological order can yet be given to them. We are rich in seeing so much of James the vacationist. Sometimes it must have been to other resting places than the northern wilderness, that the search for renewed health urged him; for in "Talks to Teachers," we have that well known description of the farmer and his clearing in the North Carolina mountains, when a "certain blindness" in William James was healed. But the spirit of holiday was always present with James in his class work and fun for life's sake appeared in many a lecture. Readers will never forget his relief in getting away from Chautauqua, where he says he had been spending a happy week.

"I went in curiosity for a day," he writes, "I stayed for a week, held spell-bound by the charm and ease of everything, by the middle class paradise, without a sin, without a victim, without a blot, without a tear. And yet what was my astonishment, on emerging into the dark and wicked world again, to catch myself quite unexpectantly and involuntarily saying: 'Ouf! what a relief! Now for something primordial and savage, even though it was as bad as an Armenian massacre, to set the balance straight again. . . . . This city simmering in the tepid lake-side sun; this atrocious harmlessness of all things,—I cannot abide with them. Let me take my chances again in the big outside worldly wilderness with all its sins and sufferings!"

Perhaps no incident in his life illustrates this gladness in the outside world, with its massacre chances, than his experiences in the San Francisco earthquake. He wrote the story for the *Youth's Companion* in the summer of 1906, the earthquake year. He had been asked to lecture in Leland Stanford University, and as he was leaving Harvard one of his friends, who knew California, said, "I hope that they will give you a touch of earthquake while you are there, so that you may also become acquainted with that California *institution.*"

"Accordingly," he writes, "when lying awake at half past five on the morning of April 18 in my little flat on the campus at Stanford, I felt the bed begin to waggle, my first consciousness was one of gleeful recognition of the nature of the movement. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'Here's B.'s old earthquake after all!' and then as it went *crescendo* 'and a jolly good one it is, too.' Sitting up involuntarily, and taking a kneeling position, I was thrown down on my face as it went *Fortior,* shaking the room exactly as a terrier shakes a rat. Then everything that was on everything else slid off on to the floor, over went bureau and chiffonier with a crash, as the *Fortissimo* was reached; plaster was cracking; an awful roaring noise seemed to fill the outer air and in an instant all was still again. . . . . The emotion consisted wholly of glee and admiration; glee at the vividness which such an abstract idea or verbal term as 'earthquake'

could put on when translated into sensible reality and verifiable concreteness; and admiration that the frail little wooden house could hold itself together in such a shaking. I felt no trace whatever of fear; it was pure delight and welcome. 'Go it,' I almost cried aloud, 'and go it stronger.'"

But let us leave the mountains, woods and earthquakes and get back to Harvard and the regular work. It was in 1876 that we followed this youthful professor on his vacations. In 1877 he offered an undergraduate course in Psychology and delivered a series of lectures on the subject at Johns Hopkins University. In 1878 he married Miss Alice H. Gibbens. and because of an increase of health which came to him at this time, he began to turn out much more work. Now he begins to write articles for the different philosophical magazines and reviews. His first philosophical paper was one written on "The Sentiment of Rationality." It appeared in the *Critique Philosophique;* though the first part of it can be found in an article in *Mind* for July, 1879, and the last part was an address delivered before the Harvard Philosophical Club and published in 1882 in the *Princeton Review.* It was afterward included in his volume called "The Will to Believe."

It was in 1877 that Josiah Royce,—the teacher whose name has so often been mentioned with that of James, first met him. Royce went to see him at the home on Quincy Street, to see if he would be doing right in devoting his life to philosophy, when his friends were telling him to let the subject alone. The relations between these two men is one of the most beautiful pictures of Harvard life. It has been charged that James was too fond of cranks and that cranks loved him. "Well, I am one of James's cranks," exclaimed Royce; "he was good to me and I love him." James gave no small share of his academic work to controverting the philosophy of which Prof. Royce was the chief exponent at Harvard. Yet the two men held each other in the warmest regard. It is said that what James thought of Royce was shown in a Harvard class room whenever at the half-year he surrendered his pupils to the lectures of the man whose philosophy he had taught them to regard as a blight and sterile. "I envy you the good time," he said, "that you will have with Prof. Royce. He is certainly one of the richest intellects now living in the world." The only thing that we have been able to find that would even appear to contradict this beautiful love for each other, we disscovered in the memories of an English writer in one of the English weeklies. It is Mrs. Royce who is made to tell the story. One day in the White Mountains she and Mrs. James missed their respective husbands, and after some searching round crags and boulders, they were found almost at the point of blows over the question of the existence of the Absolute. James was expletively denouncing that creature and all its works.

In the early eighties another great change took place in his college life. The Professor of Physiology and Anatomy is writing rather strange articles in the magazines. They seem rather to emanate from the occupant of some chair of Philosophy. Assistant Professor of Philosophy is what he now becomes. During 1879 and 1880 he delivered his first philosophical course on what he called "The Philosophy of Evolution." Four or five articles also belong to this changing period. Before the Harvard Natural History Society he delivers a lecture on "Great Men and their Environment," which in October of 1880 is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly.* The article seems to have caused considerable disturbance at the time, for Grant Allen and John Fiske attack it. Professor James writes a reply entitled, "The Importance of Individuals," which is not accpeted by the *Atlantic Monthly,* and is seemingly thrown into oblivion, but ten years later, in 1890, it is printed by the *Open Court* of Chicago. In 1881 he speaks before the Unitarian Ministers' Institute at Princeton, Mass., on "Reflex Action and Theism," an address which is printed during the same year in the *Unitarian Review.* The next year he writes "On Some Hegelisms" for *Mind,* and in 1884, before the Harvard Divinity School, he gives an address on "The Dilemma of Determinism," which is later published in *The Unitarian Review.* In 1885 he holds the Alford Chair of Philosophy with full professorship, which he continues to fill till 1897, when a branch is for the first time designated as a chair of Psychology.

In 1884 public expression was given to another very important feature of this man's life. This year he took part in helping to establish the American Society of Psychical Research. The fact has been noticed by friends that both William James and his father had the instinct "generously to espouse unpopular causes," especially where the principle of personal liberty was at stake," and in both the advocacy went to the verge of what many persons called a fondness of paradox." In strange and sad contrast to the inquiring and generous nature of James is the story of disdain which some of his colleagues showed to this subject. In his essay on "Frederic Myer's Services to Psychology," which is now published in "Memories and Studies," his fruitless attempts to interest them at this time are told:

"I invite eight of my scientific colleagues, severally to come to my house at their own time and sit with a medium, for whom the evidence already published in our 'Proceedings' had been most noteworthy. Although it means at worst, the waste of an hour for each, five of them decline the adventure. I beg the 'Commission' connected with the chair of a certain learned Psychologist in a neighboring University to examine the same medium, whom Mr. Hodgson and I offer to send at our own expense and leave with them. They also have to be excused from any such entanglement. I advise another psychological friend to look into this case, but he replies that it is useless, for if he were to get such results as I report, he would, being suggestable, believe himself hallucinated. When I propose as a remedy, that he should remain in the background and take notes, while his wife has the sitting, he explains that he could never consent to his wife's presence at such performances. . . . . So runs the world away!"

No one who knows Prof. James ever so little will believe that he had any love for such "performances," but he did love fair play, and he insisted not only on all such things being heard, but also investigated before they should be condemned or believed. This element in his character, while it is most frequently connected with Psychical Research, has notable illustrations in other directions. He came forward unasked "as an advocate for those who wished to keep the privilege of consulting Christian Scientists and other irregular practitioners, when their standing was at issue" in Massachusetts. Of course many of his friends misunderstood his action and many a colleague was displeased, but this is how he writes about it to a friend: "If you think that I like this sort of thing, you are

mistaken. It cost me more effort than anything that I ever did in all my life. But if Zola and Col. Picquart can face the whole French army, cannot I face this disapproval? Far more easily than the reproach of my conscience." He had for another unpopular cause the presidency of the Anti-Imperialist League until his death, and it was his firm belief that that body had a great task to perform. He was most ardent in the defence of the rights of the people of the Philippines. With the same enthusiasm he entered into the cause of World Peace and in all he undertook for his fellow men he shows himself as one of the great American Exemplars of the philosophy of "loyalty to loyalty." Can we close his relationship to all the isms that his friends counted queer, better than to quote his own words: "Every kind of 'Bosh' has its own factors and laws, and patient study will bring them definitely to light."

(*To be continued*)

A Visit to the Gary Public Schools

Having heard much in praise of the remarkable school system at Gary, Ind., three of us, teachers in Chicago, made a trip to Gary on Friday, May 21, 1915, to see how they were going about it to solve the problem of better and more efficient public schools. The fact that we only had one day to spend there and that we arrived inopportunely, at a time when visitors were not usually allowed, curtailed our investigation somewhat; however, we were graciously received and, by inquiry and observation, we learned some interesting facts about the schools.

Gary, with a population of twenty-five thousand, was made to order and built in five years by the Steel Trust, among the sand-dunes and scrub-oaks. It has been said that it would keep a grasshopper moving to pick up sustenance from the scanty vegetation; yet, a city has been built there of brick-walls and paved streets with nearly twenty-first century improvements. We were told that 85 per cent of Gary school children are foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents. The inhabitants comprise a great number of foreign elements, Slavs, Croatians, Letts, Magyars, and two dozen others, most of them from countries where such a thing as a free public school is unheard of; consequently, Gary's school children are eager and enthusiastic students and there is very little tendency on the part of the pupils to drop out of school at the age of fourteen. The schools are made so interesting that, with little difficulty, they retain their hold on the children until they have reached the eleventh and twelfth grades.

Mr. William Wirt, the Superintendent, is the organizer of the Gary school system, which holds twice as many students as do other public schools and seems to be more than twice as efficient. A well-known educator says that "this school system is the most remarkable educational experiment the world has ever seen."

The Gary schools are in operation daily from 8:15 to 5, and in the evening from 7 to 9, six days a week. The day enrollment is about 4,500 and the night-school enrollment over 5,000. In the day school, there are really two complete schools working side by side, each set of grades with its own teachers. Though the capacity and facilities of a Gary school building would, under ordinary circumstances, accommodate only one school, yet, under Mr. Wirt's revised system of having the study and recreation periods of two schools dovetail and alternate, twice as many pupils may receive instruction on the same premises. The curriculum offers all the usual subjects of study, including Domestic Science, Manual Training, Music and Art, besides Printing, Wood-Turning, Bacteriology, Plumbing, Cobbling and Painting. There are, also, a machine shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop and sheet metal shop. The buildings are open Sundays, when occasion requires, for the use of any organization engaged in social service. The play-grounds, gymnasia and swimming pools are open seven days a week, including evenings.

We arrived first at the Emerson School and were shown to the Auditorium assembly. Here we found high school students engaged in chorus singing, lead by a music instructor who was playing the violin and aiding the pupils in the four part singing of simple but very good music. The assembly is a necessary unit in the Gary school schedule and is conducted by the children under the direction of teachers. A student was presiding as chairman. In an assembly period at the Froebel School we found a younger class of children being instructed in the art of window trimming by a man who was showing them how to arrange coats, hats and other garments in an attractive fashion. Sometimes moving pictures are employed in the assembly to illustrate certain types of labor or study, and occasionally, dramatic entertainments are given by the children. In this way the assembly period is always an interesting hour for the children. The discipline is free and easy but we saw nothing that was boisterous or unruly.

From the Auditorium we passed to the music room where we saw a seventh grade in a singing class in company with fifth grade "observers." Certain classes of older pupils are attended by younger students as "observers," who in this way absorb a good deal of useful information. In the science classes, for instance, an elementary student observes a high school student performing certain operations in Chemistry, perhaps, and later the younger pupil writes a paper on his observations and presents it to his grade teacher. When the older pupils attend younger classes, they are called "helpers" and in this capacity, aid their younger brothers and sisters with the work in hand. In the music class, just referred to, we saw some good technical work but the tone-quality permitted was not very admirable. The singing was in three parts and the fifth graders, as "observers," were singing in the soprano section.

At the conclusion of this class we went to the school lunch-room, where we found a neat dining-room and good food. We learned that the cooking is taught and superintended by a teacher and practical woman. The eighth and ninth grade cooks are assisted by fourth and fifth grade "helpers." The kitchen serves meals to teachers, children and visitors and is on a paying basis. The school furnishes no supplies. The customer serves himself and the price of the food is very small in comparison to its excellence. A student serves as cashier and the one who received our checks was diligently studying while not busy with the cash-register.

We observed through glass doors the operations of certain classes, which we were not permitted to inspect at closer range. By this means, we saw dress-making and cooking classes, young boys in the print-shop printing and older boys working in the paint-shop. In the corridor, we saw boys painting iron-work, evidently turning their class-room ability to practical account. We had an interesting peep into the pottery-room, where eight or ten jolly boys, with an instructor, were moulding clay bowls on a wheel run by foot-power.

We visited the Froebel School in the afternoon, which seemed to be a replica of the Emerson School in capacity and working plan. Here as elsewhere, we were impressed with the fact that, in spite of a long school day, the children seemed to be neither bored or weary. It was during a music period at this school that I spoke to a little curly-headed fellow sitting in front of me. I asked him if he lived near the school. He whirled around on his swivel-chair, in the most genial fashion, and said,

"Sure."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Louis."

"And what's your last name?"

He replied with a long picturesque word ending in "owski." I said:

"You're a little Russian boy, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," and then, after a slight hesitation, he added, "My father is, though."

This incident amused me, as it seemed to betray a desire in him to wish to be a real little American, not "hyphenated."

The Gary school children are permitted to have religious instruction during school hours, if they so desire. Since the Sunday School reaches, relatively, only a small part of the children, certain time is set aside in the day school for religious teaching. The particular church or teacher chosen is regulated by the desire of the child's parents.

The pupils in Gary, therefore, are spending more time in school than students in most public schools, but the time is well-spent, judging from results. Their hours of work alternate with hours of supervised play and recreation, and the children go home in the late afternoon, ready for supper and bed-time,—all the demands for exercise and play having been met. Mr. Wirt recognizes the fact, that it is the natural inclination of the child to keep busy and to interest himself, and if the public school or his home do not meet these needs, something else will and it is too often the wrong thing. In the Gary school plan, he is kept busily, happily and usefully at work or play most of the day and in this way Gary solves, to a large extent, the problem of the streets and alleys, the cheap theaters, dance-halls, saloons and other commercialized places of amusement. The libraries, the swimming pools, play-grounds, besides the advantages of the night-school classes, are open to young and old, both day and evening, and offer considerable opposition to the aforesaid places of unwholesome amusement. An instructor told us that a certain large roller-skating rink had had a difficult struggle for existence, during the past winter, due to lack of patronage. The fact of the matter is, that the young men and women were more interested in those things which would give them a broader outlook, educationally, and which would offer them higher moral and spiritual inspiration, or, at least for them, wholesome, and not harmful, amusement. The rapid increase in city population and the resulting congestion has created a demand for recreation which is not fully met in large cities, but Gary is making an effective attempt toward this end by making the school a community center. The Gary school system is educating its children in a unique but a most effectual way and aims to give them the sort of complete development, which will help them to grow up and become worth-while Gary citizens.

HAZEL BYRDE SMITH.

THE STUDY TABLE

In the Oregon Country

* George Palmer Putnam. New York: 1915. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 169. Price, $1.75 net.

Mr. Putnam, the author of "In the Oregon Country," is a member of the famous family of book publishers and bears the old and honored name. He has cast in his lot with Oregon, and at the time of writing this book lived at Bend, where he was an editor of the Bend *Bulletin*. The book is dedicated to the Emblem Club of Bend and the dedicatory page reproduces the emblem of that lively and hustling organization. When Dr. Withycombe was elected governor of the State last fall, Mr. Putnam was selected by him as his private secretary. So much for the author. As to "In the Oregon Country," it is a collection of pleasant outdoor essays, with sketches of camping, canoeing and mountain climbing. It smacks of the pine forest and the sage brush and is full of the buoyant spirit of the West. It is at its best, not when describing outings, though these are well told, but when giving expression to western and pioneer feeling. Nowhere else in our country is there today so genuine a pioneer spirit as in Central Oregon. It has but just now been reached by the railroad, distances are still vast, population is sparse, hope is enormous. Development and change are already evident. "The change has come in five short years. Those who, like myself, went a-pioneering for the fun of it, making for Central Oregon because upon the map it showed as the greatest railroadless land, have seen the warm breath of development work as picturesque changes there as ever in the story-book days when the West was in its infancy. We are young men, we who chanced to Oregon's hinterland a few seasons gone by; yet already can we spin yarns of the 'good old days' which have a real smack of romance to them and cause the recounters themselves to sigh for what has gone before and betimes to pray for their return—almost." We do not in the least begrudge him his outing tales, but we would have been glad to have Mr. Putnam crowd in more of his pioneer yarns. He claims to have some folk-lore in his book, but his folk-lore is all borrowed and had better been omitted. To tell the truth, thirty-two pages of quoted matter (mostly from Winthrop) is too much in a book totaling 169 pages, and we wish they were replaced by original stuff. In expressing such a wish and such a criticism we are surely complimenting our author. In other words, we wish the book were one of 300 closely printed pages dealing at first hand with Oregon and

Oregon only—containing no folk-lore but only outing and pioneer material. As it is we are glad to add this pleasantly written book of sketches to our shelf of Oregoniana. FREDERICK STARR.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I get a bunch of timely stuff just now, while the San Francisco spell is on. We ought to be grateful for such a list of books while traveling across the continent, or if we are unable to go, filling the gap. The first one of these books is John Muir's "Our National Parks"—not a new book, but mighty good, a classic; and his "First Summer in the Sierras," which I have not yet read—only looked at it longingly. Alas, for John Muir, our noblest naturalist, gone. In this pile comes "California Coast Trails," by J. S. Chase. Then we have "Rocky Mountain Wonderland," which I am now reading with delight, and "The Spell of the Rockies," both by Enos A. Mills. "Where Rolls the Oregon" is contributed, and it is one of the best, by Dallas L. Sharp, and after that comes "The Flock," by Mary Austin. These are all well written and helpful; a bunch of sunny, nature-blessed literature; purely American, and fresh as the song of bluebirds in Spring. They constitute moving pictures of the great West, and they give home-keepers a most delightful comprehension of our property in the vast highlands of the Rocky Mid-Continent.

E. P. POWELL.

Bergson an Intuition

Bergson, in teaching that there is a method of truth, immediate, independent of the intellect which he calls "intuition," has done religion incalculable mischief.

Religious intuition cannot give us truth, for truth even about God is still truth. There is only one method of truth (or knowledge)—that of experience, observation or thought and legitimate inference therefrom.

Theology is a branch of truth (differing from other branches not in its method but in its object)—a method subject to constant revision as experience develops and intellectual capacity increases.

When Bergson says that men may have a knowledge of God and of an invisible, spiritual world through *illuminations,* it is an *assertion* but not a *demonstration.* It is no doubt true that there are these illuminations. But everything must stand on whether or not there is any real being or world behind, corresponding to them. And this is a matter for science. Supreme faith is evidence only of its own supremacy, not of the actuality of the person or thing believed in.

I do not doubt that there will come a new religious baptism, a spiritual *renaissance,* but it will not come alienating from us every man of science and every distinguished philosopher of modern times.

A new religious baptism shall come as science, philosophy, art, and the ministry shall reveal the possible depth and significance there are in human life and conduct. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The man that has begun to live more seriously within, begins to live more simply without.

Phillips Brooks.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XX.
The Beatitudes

MRS. CHARLES D. STEEL, LEADER

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God." Matthew v:9.

In the Sermon on the Mount we probably come nearer to the real Jesus than in any other writing of the New Testament. The oral traditions of the first years would naturally hold fast to whatever was strongly national, particularly the parabolic, laconic and pointed material found in this sermon. When the time came for the writing of the Logia such traditions as these would be the very sort of material to come into peoples' minds, and the sermon as we have it may be regarded as direct transcription from the Logia. Scholars divide the material in various ways. The most natural division seems to be the Beatitudes, the ethical sayings and the Lord's Prayer, with a slight introduction and few closing verses. The translators of the Greek manuscript into the Latin Vulgate (Jerome) rendered the word meaning happy, "beta," and gradually the "blessings" came to be the Beatitudes, which are the subject of our lesson today.

Matthew always arranges his material topically, so it was natural for him to collect these statements beginning with "Blessed" and arrange them in one group. Great minds under similar spiritual conditions arrive at the same spiritual conclusions. All the great religious teachers have left "Sayings" that may be compared with our Beatitudes. There is a set of "Sayings" by Confucius, really an arrangement of the Cardinal Virtues, and the Dharmapada, or "Path of Virtue," by Buddha, contains a collection very similar to our Beatitudes.

We find them in their clearest form in Matthew. The Sermon begins with the fifth chapter and continues through the seventh. They are generally enumerated as nine, but some authorities count only eight by combining verses 10 and 11 as one, while others, indicating a Swedenborgian tendency to seek correspondences, make ten by separating verses 11 and 12, counting as a Beatitude, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven," thus making two groups of five, corresponding to the division in which five commandments indicate our relation with God and five with our fellow men.

Many Jewish writers refer the various Beatitudes directly back to the Old Testament sources. Some even taking the stand that Jesus never gave them, that they simply represented the current thought of Jewry and were ascribed to Jesus later. There is a parallel in the Old Testament for most of the Beatitudes. It contains at least thirty different Beatitudes, twenty-six of them occurring in the Psalms.

Matthew renders the first Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Luke says: "Blessed are ye poor: for

yours is the Kingdom of God." In the forty-first Psalm, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, verses one, two and three correspond beautifully with the first Beatitudes.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," parallels a passage in the Psalms. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Jehovah."

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth," is rendered in Psalm thirty-seven, "The meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace," while the book of Enoch gives the instruction, "In patience and meekness spend the number of your days, that you inherit endless life." And in the Dharmapada similar instructions may be found.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness" is similar in thought to "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," found in the forty-second Psalm. And in Isaiah xxxii:17, "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever."

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," writes Matthew. The Talmud gives a parallel, "He who has mercy on his fellow creatures obtains mercy from Heaven."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God". Psalm lxii reads, "Surely God is good to Israel, even to such as are pure in heart." Notice the Israelites are distinguished. We do not find such distinctions in the New Testament.

Blessed or Happy are the Peacemakers. The use of the word "happy" gives an added meaning, an idea of inner condition rather than outward form. We find a parallel passage in Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings that publisheth peace."

"Happy are they that have been persecuted for rigteousness sake," suggests a fine passage in Isaiah, "For the Lord Jehovah will help me; therefore have I not been confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be put to shame."

Aside from the historical evidence which shows that these Beatitudes could not have been delivered at the same time, it would seem inadvisable in an oral discourse to give such a category of advice, and it is most natural to believe them to have been gathered together later by the disciples.

Luke gives this sermon in a much more condensed form. Only four Beatitudes and corresponding with them four woes are given, in good literary form but not so satisfactory spiritually. Happy are ye poor, hungry, who weep, ye who "men hate for the Son of man's sake, for your reward is great in Heaven."

"But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you, ye that are full now! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you, ye that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets."

Luke's words are very direct but lack the breadth and sweep of the Matthew version. He is more material and critics think his wording, "Blessed are ye poor," the more accurate. Jesus was speaking to the poor, seeking to give them consolation.

Luke's four blessings remind us of the story told of a conference held between Satan, the angel Gabriel and Jehovah. Satan begged the Lord that he might be permitted to give mankind four gifts. After looking into Satan's heart and seeing what was there the Lord said yes. Gabriel was grieved to the heart and immediately implored the Lord that he might bring four gifts to offset those of Satan. The Lord granted permission and presently the two brought their gifts, and when they came to look upon them, lo, they were the same—wine, women, work and death for the blessing of mankind.

The Beatitudes are practical for teaching purposes. Each shows contrast, direct antithesis. Jesus declaring that he came not to destroy but to fulfill, stripping off the external, teaching straight morality, was then, as always, considered revolutionary and heretical. While his teaching was perhaps not new, he gave to it an emphasis never found elsewhere nor to such an extent.

A rather startling and striking omission to us with the modern habit of thought is the absence of any mention of work or of social obligations. Not until Paul do we find any great distress about people not working. The early church discussed the matter. The older piety put the emphasis on meditation and that thought gave rise to monastic orders in which men gave up their entire lives to poverty and the attempt to live a perfect life, leaving outsiders to do the work.

Perhaps we have all at some time or another made discoveries in a literary way. Thanatopsis may have come as a great light, or Wagner's "Pilgrim's Chorus." If we "discover" the Sermon on the Mount it will worry us much. So much stress laid on the value of poverty and the difficulties of riches. Is it possible to apply it when discovered? Of course it is exactly what Jesus did, exactly what gave him his freedom and power to do what he did. Tolstoy lived it, and there are many who in humbler ways are working for better laws, conditions and social reconstruction.

(1) In what manner were the beatitudes probably first delivered?
(2) How were they first gathered together?
(3) Find parallels in the Old Testament.
(4) Compare the beatitudes in Matthew and in Luke.

RE-VISITED.

Pink with the pale erigeron's bloom
I saw the old home mead in June;
And buttercups of brightest gold
Starred all the hollows as of old!

The cockspur thorn its clusters hung
As purely white where the thrushes sung;
The splendid hickories towered still
Beneath the shadows of the hill.

On mossy seat I sat me down
And, dreaming, viewed the distant town—
A tortoise waddling slowly by
At length recalled my wand'ring eye,

And woke sweet mem'ries of the days
When Eden pure seemed woodland ways,
And all these scenes, with tenants shy,—
Vale, hill and mount, brook, marsh and sky—
With home,—the central picture fair,—
Were mine, and I without a care!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me.

MON.—Happy is the house that shelters a friend.

TUES.—Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal.

WED.—The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.

THURS.—It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love.

FRI.—True love cannot be unrequited.

SAT.—There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

—*Emerson.*

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play.
They feed the cows, and make the hay,
And trim the lawns, and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.
And then they lay aside their cares
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

—*Helena Leeming Jelliffe.*

In the Outlook.

The Brooding Woodcock as I Saw Her

Some thirty years ago, during my schoolboy days, my father was clearing a strip of brushy woods on the southeast corner of his farm in Mercer County, Ohio.

When our winter school had closed, late in March, father took my brother and me to help in the clearing. It was joined on the north end by a low wet woodland. Through this ran a stream, then a favorite place for wild ducks and other birds which frequent water courses. The south part of the clearing was a rich knoll, where we began the clearing and continued working toward the north end. A wood-road ran from the wet woods on the north the entire length of the strip, and there was a little rise of ground from this road about half way between the ends of the strip.

One morning in April, as we were going along this wood-road to our work, we flushed a female Woodcock from her nest on the rise of ground. This was a great pleasure to me, for it gave me a chance to study this interesting bird at close quarters, and it was the only time I ever found its nest, saw its eggs or its young.

The nest was placed at the foot of a small wild plum-bush, which grew on a small hillock. It was only a slight hollow scratched out by the bird and was lined with leaves. There were four eggs in the nest, large at one end, small at the other. The ground color was a dirty white greatly mottled with brown and much darker at the larger end. They much resembled the eggs of the killdeer, only they were larger. They were arranged with the points to the center of the nest. The female was sitting when we found her, and, although the nest was not more than six feet from the wagon-road, she seldom flew off her nest as we passed. She soon became accustomed to our passing and for about two weeks we enjoyed looking for her. She was almost identical in color with the brown leaves, but from the position of the nest near the small bush we knew exactly where to look for her, or it would have been difficult to see her at all. There was one peculiarity about her position on the nest, she invariably faced the south, which was opposite her feeding ground. She presented a beautiful picture to a lover of nature, her rich brown plumage being delicately penciled; her small head well drawn back and settled in her feathers, and with her long bill almost hidden in her full round breast. The most noticeable thing was her bright eyes, which were ever alert and took in everything around her with no effort on her part. There was nothing to obstruct the view from the wagon-rack and I have often thought what an opportunity that was for a pecfect picture, had it been in the days of the camera, yet the picture is still vivid in my mind.

One morning we passed and as usual looked for the bird. She was not there. The nest was empty, but on looking round, a few feet from the nest, the mother bird suddenly began to crawl away, flapping her wings in that deceptive way and doing everything in her power to attract us from her family. We had been waiting too long to see the little folks to be thus diverted, and on closely scrutinizing the spot from which she started we found, lying on the leaves, the four little chicks, which must have hatched during the previous night and were already beginning their short trip to their feeding grounds in the nearby swampy brushwood. They were interesting little fluffy brown things, with two bars of a lighter shade running down their backs, very much like the young of the small brown bantam chickens. Their little eyes shone like black beads, and their long bills were out of all proportion to the size of the little chicks, which seemed puzzled to know what they should do with them. But we presume they soon learned, for we only had this one study of them and never saw them again.

John F. Strete.

Birds and Nature.

DANDELIONS

They like to tramp about—
They do not know what duty means
Nor do they trouble to find out.
They feel as good as kings and queens
And everyone of them is brave.
No matter what may come—
Like soldiers they behave.

They push their way with plucky might
And never mind the blows—
Nor falter in the fight
With plows and rakes and hoes.

—*Aileen Cleveland Higgins.*

"Craftsman," July, 1912.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

As it has been the custom of UNITY in former years, the Editorial Department will be transferred from July 1 to September 15 to Tower Hill, Wisconsin, where all communications designed for the Editorial Department are to be addressed. All communications to the Business Department and the mailing list will be sent to the permanent Chicago office at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The indulgence of contributors and readers may be taxed occasionally by the inevitable difficulties subsequent to the long armed editing, but past experiences justify the assurance that the UNITY work will be kept on in its rythmic path.

"Men may come and men may go,
But UNITY goes on forever."

MORAL CONDITIONS AT THE PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

The Federal Council of Churches, through its Secretary, Rev. Charles S. Macfarlane, is sending out timely "danger signals" to those interested in the above exposition. The truth had better be known.

"For the purpose of helping to maintain the moral safety proclaimed by the authorities of the Exposition and the city, various organizations have already issued friendly warnings concerning dangers which may be encountered by young men and women, and especially by girls who may be dependent upon securing employment during their stay on the Pacific Coast. Among such warnings are the following:

"'Danger signals are being flashed to young people bound for the Panama-Pacific Exposition without definite positions, money or friends. To show that warning is needed, the American Social Hygiene Association points to a report indicating that there is much unemployment in San Francisco, and calls attention also to the city's moral conditions which give cause for anxiety. At the Exposition alone the manager of the employment bureau reported to the investigators that there were on file in his office, December 7, between 90,000 and 100,000 applications for positions. Of these, between 9,000 and 10,000 are women. But the number of positions for women to be filled directly by the Exposition authorities is not more than 1,000.

"'Employment bureaus are crowded with applicants. One, for example, which has kept statistics for 1913, stated that 1,978 applications were received for three months, September to November, 1914, as compared with 824 in 1913, while the number of places filled in 1914 was only 217.'

"The Social Hygiene Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs recently distributed broadcast a warning to girls calling attention to the efforts of the women of San Francisco directed against commercialized vice in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and says: 'Every girl should be warned against advertisements of positions in San Francisco, for every place that is worth while will be taken, and the door that will be open for the strange girl will be the door that leads to perdition.'

"'The papers that do their duty to the girlhood of the nation will publish the warning, and women of every town and city who would protect the youth of the land, will sound the alarm, and caution and guard the girls of their neighborhood.'

"The moral forces which are endeavoring to support the authorities and encourage them to greater effort find that it is a difficult matter to direct their endeavors so that the desired results may be obtained without injuring the attendance and appreciation of the Exposition's wonderful presentation of progress in every field of human endeavor. A growing sentiment is, however, evident in many parts of the nation toward voicing a general protest against any failure of the authorities and citizens of California to safeguard in every possible way the health and morals of the visitors to the Exposition."

MINNESOTA IS GOING DRY.

Twenty-six counties of Minnesota have voted dry since March 1, when the county option bill was signed by Governor Hammond. Not counting the elections of June 14, twenty-nine counties have voted on the question, only three voting wet, the dry vote closing 250 saloons, wiping out twenty-three wholesale liquor houses and depriving three breweries of their markets.

One of the busiest spots in Minnesota is the office of the Anti-Saloon League, which has led in the counties' cleansing work, under direction of its state superintendent, Dr. George B. Safford. And the league looks beyond county freedom from saloons to a dry Minnesota. Elections are to be held in ten counties during the next four weeks, preliminary arrangements are being made for contests in the counties containing Duluth and St. Paul, and it is already freely predicted by the man on the street that Minneapolis, with its 350,000 population, and the whole of Hennepin County will drive out the saloons when the county takes a vote.

From The Continent.

WOULD ANYBODY BE A HUSS TODAY?

What lesson shall the church appropriate to itself from the semi-millennial celebration of the martyrdom of John Huss? What counsel echoes over from the fifteenth century, which burned this prototype of Protestants, to the twentieth century, which celebrates him among the wisest, noblest and strongest of mankind?

The man of today would more likely muse thus with himself:

"Of course, I mustn't be too positive about my own opinion. Every man makes mistakes."

And to his antagonists he would most probably make answer:

"Well, I must acknowledge that you people seem to have some good arguments. I'd like to consider them further, and you can depend on me not to make trouble meantime."

Is the twentieth century sure that it has any men who would stand to be burned for their convictions if anybody tried it?

The age has no ruthless Emperor Sigismund to condemn a Huss to the flames, but has it a Huss who would not fear to be condemned?

Huss was not a bigot, nor was his martyrdom a mistaken folly. He died for a real truth, with a clear eye seeing it and a clean conscience holding it fast. And the talisman which preserved him from selling his soul for some trifling and fictitious conceit was a saving grace still open to men.

Huss' protecting secret was that, as Paul would have put it, his heart was "enlarged" toward the multitudes; he craved a truth which would comfort the many; he had compassion

like his Master on sheep having no shepherd.

And a man of that spirit will always see truth worth seeing and cling to truth worth holding.

Bigots are the only men who cherish selfish convictions—a persuasion of doctrine calculated to uphold an institution, defend a philosophy, support a tradition.

Those who give themselves to serve mankind in the apostleship of some larger truth which extends its power to the many that struggle with sin and sorrow, are sanctified by the truth they love.

They, like Christ, consecrate their lives "a ransom for many."

From The Continent.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

How bare and bald the city is,
Like Grandpa's head;
No crinkly trees and shining lawns,
But bricks instead.

And when a little grass appears
And tries to grow,
Then, "Keep it off!" a sign commands;
They hate it so!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

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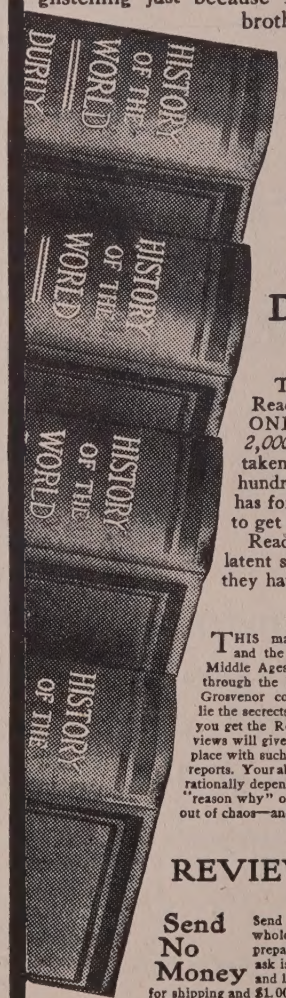
WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?



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